8

WILMORE CASTLE;

A NEW COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS

PERFORMED WITH CONSIDERABLE APPLAUSE,

AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THE MUSIC, ENTIRELY NEW,
BY MR. HOOK.

WRITTEN BY R. HOULTON, M. B.

SECOND EDITION.

——— RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM
QUID VETAT? *Hor.*

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Dedication.

TO ALL

MALE-MILLINERS.

MESSRS.

As the Passages, which occur in the subsequent little Opera, relative to your distinguished Fraternity, *were honoured with reiterated bursts of the loudest applause from crowded and brilliant audiences, I feel exceedingly grateful towards* YOU, *in being the* cause *of my obtaining so proud a* "Feather *in my* Cap."—*Under this impression, I deem you specially entitled to the* DEDICATION *of* WILMORE CASTLE.

With great admiration of your CAPITAL *talents in the* Art-Millinery; *though not so well satisfied of the justice, propriety, or your humanity, in usurping the station of* industrious Females, *I am,* MESSRS. *with all due respect,*

Your much obliged,

Most devoted,

And very obedient humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, Nov, 6, 1800.

TO THE PUBLIC.

NO *Playwright* was ever more ready to ſubſcribe, with implicit obedience, to the deciſive verdict of an AUDIENCE, or entertained greater reverence for PUBLIC JUDGMENT, than the Author of the preſent *minor Opera*. But there were circumſtances attending the late repreſentations of this Piece, which the writer, in juſtice to himſelf and his COMPOSER, feels it a duty to animadvert on.

When repeated marks of diſapprobation occur in the courſe of exhibiting a new play, it may be reaſonably expected that the *fall* of the *Curtain* will not be wholly proſperous. But the writer of *Wilmore Caſtle* is inclined to think it ſtands unparallelled in the annals of the drama, excepting in his own caſe, that a production, which uniformly received, for five ſucceſſive nights, the warmeſt tributes of applauſe *throughout* the performance, and without a ſingle inſtance of diſapprobation, or oppoſition, excepting to the *encore* of a particular ſong, ſhould as uniformly receive, on its concluſion, a hoſtile attack from part of its auditors. To attempt to ſolve this conduct by any principles of reaſon, juſtice, or conſiſtency, would be a futile effort; and which cannot be more aptly commented on than in the words of the *Critique*, which, among a deciſive majority of the public prints in favor of the opera, the EDITOR of the ORACLE, was pleaſed to give after the firſt night's repreſentation, *viz.*—

"Such is a haſty ſketch of *Wilmore Caſtle*; which was received throughout, not "only without the ſmalleſt interruption, but frequently with the loudeſt plaudits. "We had conceived that the author had reached his deſired haven; when he "was oppoſed by a ſudden ſtorm, &c.—But, with all due deference to thoſe "*judges*, we think WILMORE CASTLE poſſeſſes conſiderable merit, both in "its ſtructure, and its dialogue, airs, and muſic."—Towards the concluſion of the CRITIQUE, the writer adds:—"Mr. HOOK's reputation, deſervedly diſ-"tinguiſhed in the muſical world, cannot ſuffer by the unaccountable caprice of "laſt night's audience."

The ſame "*unaccountable*" ſtyle of oppoſition attended the four ſucceeding nights repreſentation—not by the leaſt ſymptoms of

disapprobation in the course of the performance, but abounding with applause throughout; when just at the fall of the curtain, the *same Party*, no doubt, (some of whom were noticed, at the back of the first gallery, with their faces muffled up in great coats) exercised, it must be confessed, very excellent and vociferous lungs for crying *off*, *off*, &c.—Their *silence*, indeed, during the representation, according to TERENCE's observation—"*Tacent—satis laudant*," may be considered as *praise* even from an enemy; though JUVENAL pays the *silent* meditator of mischief not quite so polite a compliment; for he says—

"*Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,*
"*Facti crimen habet.*"

It is here humbly submitted to the opinion of a candid PUBLIC, whether such a style of opposition do not clearly bespeak *private malevolence*, *sinister motive*, or *insidious manœuvre?*

It has been suggested indeed to the writer, that the *manufacturers* of plays from *foreign dramas*, and *compounders* of *foreign music*, took umbrage at the announcement, that WILMORE CASTLE, both in respect to *fable* and *music*, was entirely of *British Manufacture*. Were this really the cause of the opposition, the author confesses he should be exceedingly proud of having incurred it for his effort, however humble, in defence of NATIVE COMPOSITION. But be that as it may, he will take the liberty to introduce here the *Announcement* above alluded to, and which was prefixed to the Book of the Songs:—

"The present attempt is made on the ground of plain old ENGLISH OPERA; "of which many productions were long and deservedly attractive.—Though "very inadequate to his wishes is the writer's execution of this design, he has "the satisfaction, however, to know, that his little fabric is entirely wrought of "*British Materials*. The *Composer*, likewise, was equally solicitous that the *Music* "should be wholly of *native product*.—In short, the present performance is an "humble effort to keep (if the expression may be allowed) English Opera AT "HOME:—Or, in other words, an attempt to support it without resorting for "plot, character, &c. to *foreign aid*. With this intention, most respectfully "meant, at least towards our own drama, the opera of WILMORE CASTLE is "implicitly submitted to the decision of a candid AUDIENCE."

In saying that WILMORE CASTLE received throughout the warm applause of each audience—was stamped with the major-approbation of public criticism, and that most of the diurnal Prints, day after day,

teemed with commendatory paragraphs in its favor, are facts notorious to the whole TOWN; and as ſuch, indiſputable.—From what principle, then, of *common juſtice*, or of *common honeſty*, ſprang this new and extraordinary ſpecies of attack? But the *glory*, perhaps of "*badgering an author*," is held ſufficiently *noble* for ſuperſedeing *all Principle*.

But although the above ſyſtem of partial hoſtility, at the fall of the curtain, has proved too injurious for a future repreſentation of the opera, it is impoſſible to contemplate it without a ſmile:—for notwithſtanding the *Party* came, night after night, to oppoſe the complete ſucceſs of the piece, they, nevertheleſs, appeared ſo abſorbed in admiration of the performance, and ſo faſcinated with its charming muſic, as to forget the immediate object of their *Commiſſion*. Nay, ſo very obliging were they, to their own ſenſibilities at leaſt, that they always choſe to enjoy the *entire entertainment* of the opera, before they executed their *honorable* employ.

Juſtice and gratitude now demand from the Writer a public acknowledgement, that to Mr. KEMBLE, the preſent moſt able and active manager, the opera ſtands highly indebted for ſeveral judicious corrections, and for numerous friendly attentions to further the ſucceſs of the piece.

Towards the PERFORMERS, in general, for their very powerful exertions, the author feels impreſſed with every reſpectful and grateful ſentiment.

The little OPERA is now before the PUBLIC, and muſt ſpeak for itſelf. But the fate of it, at the Theatre, however injurious to the writer's intereſt, gives him not half the concern, as that the TOWN is likely to be deprived by a ſtyle of oppoſition, no leſs ſingular in its nature, than unfair in principle, of all opportunity of further enjoying ſome of the moſt delightful muſic, that ever flowed from the pen of a COMPOSER.

R. HOULTON.

LONDON, *Nov.* 6, 1800.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

General Wilmore, ...	Mr. DOWTON.
Mr. Wilmore, ...	Mr. MADDOCKS.
Charles Harley, ...	Mr. KELLY.
Harry Wilmore, ...	Mr. SEDGWICK.
Alderman Marrowfat,	Mr. PALMER.
Smart, ...	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Tunbelly, ...	Mr. SUETT.
First Sentinel, ...	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Second Sentinel, ...	Mr. DANBY.
Coachman, ...	Mr. SPARKS.
Footman, ...	Mr. FISHER.
Waiter, ...	Mr. EVANS.

WOMEN.

Miss Margery Wilmore,	Mrs. SPARKS.
Clarinda Wilmore, ...	Miss STEPHENS.
Harriet Harley, ...	Miss DE CAMP.
Miss Marrowfat, ...	Miss TIDSWELL.
Housemaid, ...	Mrs. SCOTT.

OTHER SERVANTS.

Scene.....*Wilmore Castle and its Environs.*

☞ The Opera being found, on the first Night of it's Performance, to exceed the Time usually allotted to After-pieces, the Passages marked with inverted Commas, were afterwards omitted in the Representation.

WILMORE CASTLE;

A

Comic Opera, in Two Acts.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*View of an anticent Castle.*

[*On the Wall, adjoining the Gate,* CLARINDA *and her Brother* HARRY *are discovered.—Below, Two* SENTRIES, *with shouldered Firelocks.*]

QUARTETT.

CLARINDA.

IF the tender voice of love
Can your harden'd bosoms move,
Ope the gate and let us go—
Cruel Sentries!

First Sentry. ..... No, Miss, no!

HARRY.

Or, if int'rest can assail,
And o'er savage breasts prevail,
Quick unlock the gate below—
Take this money! (*Throws down money.*)

Second Sentry. ..... No, Sir, no!

CLARINDA AND HARRY.

No, no! how perplexing—
How cruel and vexing;
But what joy, and what bliſs,
Would you ſay but—*yes, yes!*

SENTINELS.

Yes, yes! would deſtroy us
With thoſe who employ us;
So our duty we know,
And will ſay but—*no, no!*

1ſt Sent. S'death away!—here comes the General!

Exeunt Harry *and* Clarinda.)

Enter GEN. WILMORE, *returning from a walk.*

Gen. All well, Sentries?

1ſt Sent. All's well, your Honor—though our young priſoners endeavoured to bribe us to permit their eſcape.—Their money lies on the ground; for we would not touch it *without orders.*

Gen. Right, *Muſket.*—So divide the money for your fidelity. (*comes forward*) Yet, by the valor of my anceſtors, I lament the ſituation of my Nephew and Niece! They came here under an idea of paying me a dutiful viſit; little dreaming that they brought from their Father their own warrant of confinement. —Damme, I don't like ſuch treachery!—My brother Wilmore entrapped me into this buſineſs—but honor ſhall bring me out of it—for, by the gallantry of a ſoldier, it ſhall never be ſaid, that the bright banner of love received a tarniſh in WILMORE CASTLE! —Why, where the devil are you, Siſter Margery? You creep ſuch a ſnail's pace, that if you were worth running off with, an enemy might be up with you before a battalion could face to the right about.—Here ſhe comes!

Enter MARGERY WILMORE, *returning from a walk.*

Marg. No letters I hope, Sentries, delivered, ſince we went to walk?

Firſt Sentry. No, Madam—nor any tidings of an enemy.

Gen. Sister Margery, I wish to ask you a question.

Marg. Well, General.

Gen. I understand that my Brother Wilmore, not content with depriving my Nephew and Niece of the objects of their own affections, means to compel them to marry Alderman *Marrowfat* and his Sister, whom they detest. Now can you inform me why my brother wishes thus to sacrifice his children?

Marg. My brother expects, through the Alderman's interest, to be returned one of the city representatives at the next general election.

Gen. Margery, Margery, that may be a consideration to my brother for gratifying his ambition; but it is a damned bad reason for making his children miserable.

Marg. Brother, brother, Parents know what is best for their children.

Gen. Then, why did you not marry 'Squire *Sapskull*, according to your father's repeated desire?

Marg. 'Squire *Sapskull*, brother, had but one leg.

Gen. Zounds—and supposing he had no leg at all! did not your "Parent know what was *best* for you?"

Marg. (*embarrassed*) I—I—I—I——

Gen. There, Margery—with a single shot I have demolished your whole argument.

Marg. No, brother—for where there are corporeal disfigurements—

Gen. Curse your nonsense of *corporeal disfigurements!*—Is not the Alderman as big and as round as a water-butt—and has not Miss *Marrowfat* so fiery a countenance, as would endanger a powder-mill at a mile's distance.

Marg. I am, nevertheless, of my own opinion still.

Gen. No wonder—old maids are tough and obstinate.—Open the gate, Sentries. (*Exit into the castle —the Sentries receive him with rested firelocks.*)

Marg. Old Maid, indeed!—A fine matter, truly, if young people were permitted to gratify their own inclinations!—Old maid, indeed!—Sentries, salute me, as I enter the castle, as the sister of a general!—(*Goes towards the gate*) Why dont you prepare to sa-

late me! (*the Sentinels throw their arms round her neck, as attempting a kiss, she squalls out*) What mean you, fellows!

1st Sent. We know of no other salute, Madam, for the ladies.

Marg. O fie on you! (*Exit into the castle, Sentries following her.*)

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter CLARINDA.

Clar. As my lover is of an unexceptionable character, I know not that my father has a power thus to treat me. Sure I am, he has no right to compel me to marry a man I abhor---but Hope presages, that Love and Fortune will counteract so cruel a design.

AIR.

Thou soft'ning balm to ease and cheer
Corroding grief, and gloomy care,
Sweet HOPE descend with flatt'ring pow'r
And swift beguile each tedious hour!

Gay PLEASURE tript on toe most light,
With LOVE all jocund by her side;
And HYMEN's torch burnt pure and bright,
But ah! my swain beheld no bride!

'*Enter* HARRY.

'*Har.* Why, Sister Clarinda, do you wish to steal 'from my company, since our misfortunes are so 'similar?

'*Clar.* True, Harry, they are similar---you were 'on the point of marrying Miss *Harley*, and I her 'brother, when our father interposed, hurried us 'from town, and effected here our imprisonment.--- 'But hang sorrow! instead of brooding over our mis- 'fortune, let us study how to surmount it!

'*Har.* I am glad, Clarinda, to see you in such 'spirits.

'*Clar.* I wish, then, that I could inspire you with 'a little of my spirits, in planning a scheme for our 'escape.

'*Har.* A curious ſcheme, no doubt---pray let me 'hear it?

'*Clar.* Neither more or leſs, than that I am deter- 'mined, this night, when all is *mum*, to ſteal down 'ſtairs, and deſcend, by ſome means or other, the 'caſtle wall.

'*Har.* And riſk your neck by the experiment.

'*Clar.* 'Pſhaw!---what is a caſtle wall to a He- 'roine that is determined to take a lover's leap!--So, 'brother, will you, or will you not aſſiſt?

'*Har.* Don't be raſh!---As we have been able to 'give our lovers intelligence of our preſent ſituation, 'depend on it that they will deviſe ſome plot to ef- 'fect our deliverance---and that our good uncle will 'ſhield us againſt our father's ſeverity, and the ma- 'nœuvres of our ſurly aunt.

BALLAD.

'Ye parents ſevere and unkind,
'Can nothing your tenderneſs move!
'Ah no!—for hard—hard is the mind,
'That never was ſoften'd by *love!*

'What pangs does the heart oft endure
'In marriage, which ſkill can't remove!
'No money can purchaſe a cure,
'The only phyſician is *love!*

'A bride may with jewels abound—
'Her hair be with gems interwove;
'But where was a gem ever found
'So bright and ſo precious as *love!*

'Her houſe moſt ſuperbly may ſhine,
'Illumin'd below and above;
'But, truſt me, a cot is more fine,
'When lit by the torches of *love!* (*Exeunt.*)'

SCENE III.—*A Wood.*

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. (*Speaking as he enters*) I'll ſtep on a little before you.--Thus far we are arrived ſafe.---We are now in the vicinity of *Wilmore Caſtle*; to which if by any ſtratagem we can gain acceſs, I'll ſoon accompliſh my dear Clarinda's deliverance; for when bright beauty's the prize, what will not a lover dare, to re-

ſcue the object of his heart from unmerited oppreſſion!

SONG.

To ſoften life's cares—to ſooth ſorrow's pain
And pleaſure ecſtatic impart;
Kind Heaven ordain'd bright BEAUTY ſhould reign,
Sweet ſolace! the charm of man's heart.
Our warmeſt affection proud to receive—
Our conſtant attention to ſhare—
When BEAUTY's oppreſt what man will not brave
Ev'ry Danger to reſcue the FAIR!

Philoſophers boaſt attractions of mind,
Illumin'd by ſcience and art;
The pride of *my* ſtrain—a theme more refined—
Are charms that enrapture the heart:
Such power the *Sex* ſince Heaven thus gave
To bleſs us, and lighten all care;
When BEAUTY's oppreſs'd what man will not brave
Ev'ry danger to reſcue the FAIR!

Enter Miſs HARLEY, *and* SMART, *dreſſed as a Poſtillion, his boots dirty.*

Miſs H. (*Laughing as ſhe enters*) Excuſe me, *Smart*, but I realy cannot help laughing at thy preſent figure.

Smart. (*Laughing heartily, and ſurveying himſelf*) Nor can I, Madam, refrain from laughing at myſelf, ---to behold the ſpruce, dapper Mr. Smart, ladies' *man-milliner*, in London, metamorphoſed into a dirty poſtilion!---'Gad it was lucky that I learned to *drive*, before I had the honor of a place behind the counter of a *cap* and *bonnet* merchant.

Charles. 'Tis from an experience of thy better talents, that we have taken thee on this expedition; and be aſſured, my good fellow, if we ſucceed in our enterprize of getting into WILMORE CASTLE, that we will reward thee nobly.

Smart. Succeed!---May I never twirl another ribbon but we will ſucceed!---But were the charming *ſhopping ladies* to ſee me in this trim and pickle, never more would they ſuffer me to hand them a cap, or adjuſt a bonnet.

Miſs H. I dare ſay, Smart, you are very fond of attending your fair cuſtomers.

Smart. Charming to be ſure, Ma'am, to wait upon the ladies!--- And then with our heads neatly colliflowered--- a ſmirking countenance, and "*nimeny pimeny*" liſp, thus to addreſs the divine creatures:---"Pray, ladies, do me the honor to notice the graceful air of this *Cap*----beauty of form- -wave of feather, and enchanting elegance of the whole!---The price exceedingly low, conſidering the richneſs of the materials, and immenſe beauty of the faſhion---only three guineas!---Do, young lady, juſt try it on before the glaſs; --how ſtriking!---how attracting!---'pon honor, Ma'am, it becomes you moſt divinely!"

Miſs H. Ha! ha! ha!---I vow one of my own ſex could not have given a better deſcription!

Charles. And yet, I am inclined to think, Smart, that you are not much pleaſed with this effeminate employ.

Smart. True, Captain *Harley;* for though, by a topſy-turvy ſort of cuſtom, *Men* are become great proficients in the *art-millinery*, damme, but I had rather drive your Honor through the dirtieſt roads in all England, than longer continue in an employ, that uſurps the ſtation of induſtrious females!

Miſs H. Mind, Smart, our feigned name is *Bloomer.*

Smart. I'll be as wary as a hawk, provided there is no danger of being ſhot on the expedition.

Charles. Surely, my good friend, you would face ſome danger for us.

Smart. Sir, I think it honeſt thus early to announce, that with reſpect to *fire arms* and *cold ſteel*, my nerves are not the ſtouteſt --every man has his *antipathies.*

Miſs H. Pri'thee tell us---what occaſioned thine?

Smart. Madam, you muſt know that I went myſelf lately on a love expedition; when on attempting to carry off my charmer, I was not only ſaluted with a blunderbuſs, but had very near a ſmall ſword thro' my body!---Do you wonder now, Ma'am, at my antipathy to fire-arms and cold ſteel!

Charles. Ha! ha! ha!---Well, well, I'll inſure thee from all harm.

Smart. (*Spouting*) Then, Richard Smart, "thou art thyſelf again!"

Miſs H. Yonder, brother, is certainly WILMORE CASTLE, from the deſcription we received.---Step on, Smart, and reconnoitre the Caſtle a little more cloſely for us.

Smart. (*Alarmed*) Reconnoitre the Caſtle!---I begin to ſmell gunpowder! (*aſide*) Zounds, I wiſh this love expedition was over, and that I was ſafe back again in town.---I greatly fear I ſhall meet ſome of my *antipathies!* (*Exit.*)

Miſs H. O Fortune, ſmile on us in this critical hour and we will forgive thee all that is paſt!

AIR.

FORTUNE, be not ever blind,
Proud we boaſt thy guardian pow'r;
Wealth we aſk not, yet be kind,
To thy vot'ries at this hour!
O'er ſuſpicion's ſcowling eyes
Fix thy bandage for awhile,
And as LOVE in ambuſh lies,
Smile propitious, FORTUNE, ſmile!

HYMEN, torn ſo late from thee,
When we ſought thy joyous ſhrine,
Happy, let us once more ſee
Thy unſullied torches ſhine;
Pure affection warms the breaſt—
Faithful dwells, devoid of guile,
Anxious—wiſhing to be bleſt—
Smile propitious, HYMEN, ſmile!

Re-enter SMART. (*Alarmed.*)

Charles. Well, Smart!

Smart. I have reconnoitred the Caſtle---'tis all over---you may give up the expedition!

Miſs H. Bleſs me, Smart, what's the matter!

Smart. Matter enough, Madam!---Two horribly-looking gunpowder Sentries guard the Caſtle-gate with loaded firelocks!

Charles. Ha! ha! ha!—is that all?

Smart. You may run, Sir, if you pleaſe, into a cannon's mouth!---but I ſhall never be able to face

the two gunpowder Sentries!---Ill drive myſelf back to town. (*going*)

Charles. (*Taking out a pocket piſtol*) Come, Sir, pluck up your ſpirits and behave properly, or (*preſents at him the piſtol.*)

Smart. (*Springing back*) My dear ſweet, good Sir, conſider a man's *antipathy!*

Charles. Attend then!---As our whole ſcheme depends upon getting into the Caſtle, we mean, when near the gate, to reſort to the ſtratagem of breaking down our carriage; when you muſt run up and make a great outcry.

Smart. (*Alarmed*) What, Sir---*alone!*---and in the very teeth of the gunpowder Sentries!

Charles. The piſtol muſt come out again, I perceive.

Smart. Not for the world!---Who's afraid!---Well, Sir, and what then?

Charles. From the hoſpitable character General *Wilmore* bears, we have hopes, on his hearing of the accident, that he will invite us into the Caſtle; and I think, Smart, that I ſhall not be the leſs welcome, when the OLD SOLDIER finds that his viſitor is a VOLUNTEER OFFICER.

Smart. Certainly not, Sir, for that PATRIOTIC HOST, whom our beloved SOVERIGN felt a pride in REVIEWING, are not only dear to their COUNTRY, but entitled to the reſpect of the univerſe!——But will your honour permit me to make a ſuppoſition?

Charles. Welcome.

Smart. Suppoſing then, after we have diſabled our carriage, that the General ſhould *not* invite us into the Caſtle; how the devil, Sir, are we to get either backward or forward!

Charles. (*Taking out a pocket book*) By means of *this*, my lad, which contains ſufficient bank-notes to raiſe the whole neighbourhood in our favor.

Smart. Gad, Sir, I muſt confeſs, that *Abraham Newland* hath great influence both in town and country.

Miſs H. Ay, Smart, and throughout the whole world---on ſo glorious and ſolid a foundation ſtands the CREDIT OF OLD ENGLAND!

Smart. Very true, Madam, and therefore I am thinking if, when I approach the Sentries, I take Mr. *Newland* in my hand, that it will have a wonderful effect in securing their friendship.

Miss H. Secure a *friendship* with their *firelocks*—. Heh, Smart!

Smart. (*Aside*) Hem!

Cha. Come, let us go and prepare for our scheme.

Smart. I'll follow immediately. (*Exeunt Charles and Miss Harley*) Gad, I have a great mind to give them the slip!----Danger stares me full in the face!---Cupid's arrows may do their worst with me; but Heaven shield me from a *shot* of *lead!*

SONG.

Love's a mighty pretty theme,
For a waking thought or dream,
  Feel you Master CUPID's dart?
'Tis a theme to make one jolly,
Serious, gay, or melancholy—
  Have you got it in your heart?
But to get a *shot* of *lead*—
What is *love* when I am *dead!*

When awake, love merry plays
With your heart a thousand ways,
  Won't you CUPID's pranks allow?
And when winking, leering, sighing,
And to sweetheart say you're dying,
  Don't you feel you can't tell how?
But to feel a *shot* of *lead*—
What's a *sweetheart* when I'm *dead!*

In a dream with humour droll,
Love makes wise men play the fool,
  Shade for substance how they take!
Fancy sets them briskly wooing—
Toying, clasping, billing, cooing—
  Disappointed how they wake!
But to *clasp* a *shot* of *lead*—
Pretty *cooing* when I'm *dead!* (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter GENERAL.

Gen. Hollo, Thomas! (*Enter Footman*) Go, and tell my Nephew and Niece I wish to see them immediately. (*Exit Footman. Margery heard scolding behind*

the ſcenes.) There's Margery ſcolding again the poor moping doves!---Zounds, ſhe ſhall not torment them! they have ſorrow enough already, in being ſeparated from thoſe they love.---O, here come the melancholy pair! (*enter* HARRY *and* CLARINDA, *hand in hand.*) Welcome, my dear Nephew and Niece!

Clar. (*Falling on her knee, and ſeizing the General's hand*) O, my honored Uncle, for mercy's ſake prevent our Aunt from having acceſs to us!

Gen. Riſe, riſe! (*turns aſide and wipes his eyes*) What the duce is the matter with me---I can hardly ſee either of you!

Clar. I hope, my dear Uncle, that no indiſpoſition affects you!

Gen. Nothing, my dear, but a meſſage from my heart to my eyes, to tell me that you are both very ill uſed, and that your Aunt is a cruel hyena.

Clar. O, Sir, in what terms of gratitude ſhall we expreſs our ſenſe of your goodneſs!

Gen. Goodneſs, Niece, what goodneſs is there in having the feelings of a fellow creature!

Clar. And may we dare to hope, Sir, that you will not ſuffer our Father, on his arrival, to compel us to marry thoſe we abhor!

Gen. *Compel* you, while you are in *my* Caſtle!---No, no more than he ſhall compel me to eat a loaded bomb ſhell, with a lighted fuzee in it!---Make yourſelves, as eaſy as you can---ſo, to raiſe your ſpirits and my own, I will tell you how I formerly carried off a lady, whom I dearly loved.

SONG.

'Twas on a diſmal night
When ſcarce a ſtar gave light,
And that hail came ratling down
With a peppering on my crown,
That I reſolv'd upon a matter:
This matter was of love,
And I as fierce as Jove;
But my charmer was lock'd up
At a caſtle's very top
Yet I had fix'd to be at her.

A whiſtle then was mine,
My fair one knew the ſign,
And directly to my hopes
Threw a ladder down of ropes,
When I mount without delay, Sir:
And when I got on high,
And did my charmer ſpy,
I took her in my arm,
And deſcended without harm,
And carried off—ouray, Sir! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.—*View before the Caſtle, the Sentries guarding the Gate.*

Enter SMART, *running in.*

Smart. Good people! Good people!

1ſt Sent. Who goes there!

Smart. (*Speaking with a tremulous voice*) A friend! A friend!

2d Sent. (*Stepping towards Smart*) Take care, friend, that you are not an enemy!—Why you ſeem thunderſtruck!

Smart. (*Much alarmed*) From running ſo faſt, I—I—I—have almoſt loſt my breath!

1ſt Sent. (*Making his firelock ready*) Ay, and ſhall loſe your life too, if you do not inſtantly confeſs—*who* you are—*what* you are—and *whence* you come!

Smart. (*Extremely alarmed*) Good, Mr. Sentry, ſhoulder your firelock, or I ſhall never be able to anſwer three queſtions in a breath!

Enter GENERAL *and* MARGERY, *from the Caſtle.*

Gen. What affair is this? (*to Smart*) Who are you, friend?

Smart. Pray, your honor, order away thoſe terrible, horrible muſket bearers!

Gen. Go, Sentries, to your poſt. (*Sentries retire to the gate*) Well, friend, what account do you give of yourſelf?

Smart. Nothing, your honor, but a moſt lamentable misfortune to my young Maſter and Miſtreſs!

Marg. Brother, be cautious, this may be ſome vile plot!

Gen. Be quiet, Margery,—wicked yourſelf, you think every body elſe ſo. Tell me, friend the misfortune!

Smart. Why, your honor, as I was driving my Maſter and Miſtreſs acroſs the country here, in their way to Plymouth, where they are going to viſit a rich uncle, who is dying—

Gen. Zounds, don't be ſo tedious!

Marg. And whence d'ye come from, fellow?

Gen. Damn it, Siſter Margery, be quiet!—I ſhall never get hold of the misfortune.

Smart. When, your honor, not obſerving a deep ſlough in the road, ſouſe into it went the fore-wheel —ſnap went the axletree—the horſes began to plunge —when to complete our misfortune, the pole broke ſhort in the middle.

Gen. But the young gentry, I hope, are not hurt!

Smart. Not much, I believe, your honor, though I greatly fear, that my young Miſtreſs, in ſpringing from the carriage, broke the back——

Gen. Broke her back!

Smart. No, your honor,—but the *back* of a moſt beautiful *feather* in her bonnet.

Gen. P'ſhaw! who minds feathers!

Smart. O, your honor, a *head*, now a days, is nothing without a "*feather in the cap!*"

Gen. Yonder I perceive your ſhattered carriage—and here, I believe, come your young Maſter and Miſtreſs.

Marg. Brother, be cautious!

Gen. Curſe your ſuſpicions!

Enter CHARLES *and* Miſs HARLEY, *ſupported by* Charles.

Gen. Young gentry, I am ſorry to hear of your misfortune—and I fear, Madam, you are hurt.

Miſs H. A ſlight wrench only, Sir, from leaping haſtily from the carriage.

Gen. As the misfortune *did* happen, I am not for ry it was ſo near my reſidence---oblige me, therefore, by making my caſtle your abode, till your carriage can be repaired.---Go, Sentry, and order my ſervants here. (*Exit Sentry.*)

Charles. I fear, Sir, we ſhall be too troubleſome.

Gen. Come, come---no more ceremony---compliments are but meagre hoſpitality.

Re-enter SENTRY, *with numerous* SERVANTS.

FINALE.

General.....When diſtreſs avows her name,
Gen'rous let the tribute be;
Unforeſeen misfortunes claim
Cordial hoſpitality.

Margery.....Brother—Brother—you are wrong—
General.....Damn it, Margery, hold your tongue!

Charles (aſide) Joy, dear ſiſter! bright ſucceſs
Smiling dawns with promis'd bliſs!

Miſs H. (aſide) Joy, dear brother!—happy ſtars
Riſe to baniſh doubts and fears!

Both.....Fortune now propitious beams—
Fancy fills with rapture's dreams!

Smart.....Who's afraid?—'tis not I—
I'm bold as ever!

First Sentinel...Lad, I'll ſpeak t'ye, bye and bye—
Smart.....To whom?
Second Sentinel..————————To you!
Smart.....————————I quiver!

Chorus.....Haſte we now to taſte the pleaſure
Unexpected meetings give;
Joy, not dreamt of, is a treaſure
Hapleſs ſtrangers oft receive.

(*Exeunt all into the Caſtle.*)

.....

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Castle Garden.*

Enter CHARLES *and* Miss HARLEY, *on one side, and* SMART *on the other.*

CHARLES.

WELL, Smart!

Smart. I have had a sight of your adorables.

Miss H. Where, where!

Smart. I just saw them enter the garden by a lower gate. (*Miss Harley goes down the stage and looks earnestly out.*)

Charles. Then be upon the watch, to give us notice should the General or his Sister be coming this way.

Smart. So, I'm to stand *sentry* now!

Charles. Ay, Smart, and as a sentinel should be always under arms, here take my pistol. (*offers him a pocket pistol.*)

Smart. (*springing back*) Excuse me, Sir!—Was a loaded pistol in *my* pocket, it would cock of itself, and Old Nick pull the trigger. (*Exit.*)

Miss H. As I live, Brother, here come our lovers!

Charles. Let us hide for a moment! (*They retire behind the side wing.*)

Enter HARRY *and* CLARINDA.

Har. (*Laughing*) I vow, Clarinda, you are perfectly superſtitious!----ſo you dreamt, laſt night, that you ſaw your dear *Charles Harley* in his winding ſheet!

Clar. Yes, and I aſſure you, Brother, that the dream much alarms me.

Har. Pho! Pho!----who minds dreams!

Miſs H. (*Sings behind the ſide wing,* Harry *and* Clarinda *manifeſt great ſurprize.*)

Softly lulling—ſweetly thrilling—
Is love's dear enchanting ſtrain!

Har. As I live, that is the voice of my dear *Harriet Harley!*

Clar. It is the voice of her ſpirit, Harry----I am ſure, Brother, from my dream that it is her ſpirit!

Har. Why, to be ſure *old caſtles,* now a days, are very famous for ſpirits.

Miſs H. (*Sings again behind:*)

What a bleſſing—when poſſeſſing—
Him who proves a faithful ſwain!

Clar. (*greatly agitated*) It is her ſpirit I tell you! let us fly into the houſe!

Miſs H. (*Suddenly enters, and ſtands in an attitude of admiration*) Stop!.---If I am a *ſpirit,* I'am a very merry one!---O, my dear Harry! (*runs into his arms*)

Clar. Good Gracious!---and where's my Charles?

Char. (*Rapidly entering*) Here, my charming Clarinda! (*runs to her and embraces.*)

Clar. By what magic did you both come here!---- did you deſcend from a balloon!

Char. No, my love----but through the Caſtle gate, by the invitation of your Uncle.

Clar. And does our Uncle know who you are?

Miſs H. No, Clarinda, that is not prudent as yet--- and the time is too precious to tell you by what ſtratagem we effected this interview.

Char. Let it ſuffice to ſay that we muſt appear as utter ſtrangers to each other, and that you muſt addreſs us by the name of *Bloomer.*

Clar. Ah! Charles, our Father is expected here every hour, with the odious *Marrowfats!*

Char. Then we muſt be expeditious in planning your eſcape. But what language can deſcribe the happineſs of our preſent meeting.

GLEE.

Can the force of rapture's lay
Paint the pure—ecſtatic ſtrain,
When true lovers, long away,
Unexpected meet again!

Fault'ring tongue—
Tear-fraught eye—
Nerves unſtrung—
Burſting ſigh!

No—the force of rapture's lay
Cannot paint th' ecſtatic ſtrain,
When true lovers, long away,
Unexpected meet again!

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at an Inn.*

Enter Mr. WILMORE, ALDERMAN MARROWFAT, (*of great corpulency*) *and* Miſs MARROWFAT.

Wil. Let me beg of you, Mr. Marrowfat, not to ſtop here!--We are now within a few miles of WILMORE CASTLE, and can eaſily reach it by dinner time.

Ald. (*ſpeaking with pompoſity*) Mr. Wilmore, I am almoſt famiſhed!—it is now above an hour beyond my uſual time of dining.---How do you feel, Siſter Marrowfat?

Miſs M. Very poorly!---I am ſure a huſband ought to be a good one, when one takes ſuch a plaguy long journey for him!

Wil. Damn it then, Alderman, if you muſt ſtay, be contented with a *ſnack*, while freſh horſes are putting to.

Ald. A *ſnack*, Mr. Wilmore, may ſerve you, but I cannot ſupport this corporation of mine with trifles!

'Slife, I have already loſt three ſtone at leaſt by this terrible journey!---Here waiter, (*enter Waiter*) hand me a chair. (*waiter hands a narrow-bottom chair*) Why, zounds, fellow, what haſt brought me!---I could as ſoon ſtand upon a picket as ſit in this chair!---Bring me an arm chair.

Wait. Yes, Sir. (*Exit.*)

Wil. Mr. Marrowfat, Mr. Marrowfat, let me remind you of the old proverb, "That many things fall out between the cup and the lip,"---ſo that while you are ſtaying here to repleniſh, the young people may give us the ſlip!

Miſs M. Mr. Wilmore, my brother and I hate old proverbs.

Re-enter WAITER, *halling in a large arm chair.*

Ald. Ay, (*Seating himſelf in the chair*)—there's ſome *ſenſe* in this chair!

Wil. (*Aſide*) Not much at preſent!

Ald. Siſter Marrowfat, go and order the beſt the larder affords!

Miſs M. I will. (*Exit.*)

Wil. Alderman, excuſe me a moment, while I diſpatch a letter to WILMORE CASTLE, to inform my brother of our near arrival?

Ald. By all means---ſtand on no ceremony with me. (*exit Wilmore*) Tell me, Waiter, who keeps this inn?

Wait. Mr. Tunbelly, Sir.

Ald. Tunbelly!----a very excellent name for a landlord!---then deſire your maſter to ſtep hither, that I may conſult him about my dinner! (*exit Waiter*) I dare ſay Mr. Tunbelly is as fat as myſelf---I like to ſee a man with a noble importance of corporation---it is ſo reſpectable---ſo conſequential!

Enter TUNBELLY, *thin, meagre-faced, and with a red noſe.*

Tun. Who are you friend?

Ald. Tunbelly, Sir, who has the honor of being your hoſt.

Ald. You, Mr. Tunbelly!---ha! ha! ha!---Then Mr. Tunbelly, to uſe a lawyer's term, you are abſolutely a *miſnomer*.

Tun. A *Miſs* who, Sir.

Ald. Pho!---now I perceive you are an *ignoramus*. Tell me, Mr. Tunbelly, were you always as thin as at preſent?

Tun. No, your honor, I was as fat as yourſelf not five years ſince.

Ald. As fat as myſelf!---and how the devil, Sir, do you exiſt with the loſs of your corporation?

Tun. It is by the loſs that I do exiſt---why your honor, I have been tapped oftner than any barrel in my cellar.

Ald. Ah, Mr. Tunbelly, I perceive you love drinking better than eating.

Tun. True, Sir, but my comfort is, that I drink at *free coſt*.

Ald. Ha! ha! ha!---So your cuſtomers, I ſee, pay for repleniſhing your corporeal barrel.

Tun. Right, your honor, and my only ſorrow is that I cannot fill my beer-barrels on the ſame terms.

Ald. Very well, Mr. Tunbelly,---ha! ha! ha!---ſo much for your *drinking*---now a word or two about my *eating*.

Tun. The lady, Sir, has juſt ordered a noble turbot I bought.

Ald. (*ſmacking his lips*) Charming!

Tun. With two quarts of lobſter ſauce.

Ald. Better and better!-- let there be a punch-bowl full of ſauce at leaſt!---Upon my word Mr. Tunbelly, the turbot is a delicious and unexpected treat---charge what you pleaſe for it!

Tun. (*Aſide*) That you may depend upon.

Ald. You country landlords, I believe, live very happy lives.

Tun. Tolerably happy, Sir, when there is a *quick draught*, and no *ſcoring*!

Ald. Ay---you are often obliged to *book* I ſuppoſe?

Tun. Yes, Sir, and *chalk* too into the bargain.

Ald. *Chalk two* for *one*, eh, Mr. Tunbelly!

Tun. Gad, one would think your honor had been in the buſineſs!---But I will tell you ſomething more about a landlord.

SONG.

A landlord is a ſupple blade,
He bows to all that come ſir—
And if he well has learnt his trade,
He'll drink wine, beer, or rum, ſir.
On his coming—coming—
When the bell rings.

A landlord's is a ſweet employ,
When gueſts call ſmart away, ſir—
And over meaſure runs his joy,
If they have caſh to pay, ſir.
On his coming—coming, &c.

But *Bucks* will often lay a plot
To take poor landlords in, ſir,
For tho' they know they've not the *ſhot*,
They'll fire thro' thick and thin, ſir.
On his coming—coming, &c.

And when they've eat, and drank their fill,
They'll damn, and ſink, and ſcoff, ſir—
"Here, ſcoundrel, waiter!—bring a bill;
And when he's gone, they're off, ſir.
With a going—going—
When no bell rings.

With loſſes great—expences high—
We can't but ſmartly charge, ſir—
So, gentlefolks, accordingly,
Expect a bill that's large, ſir—
For a coming—coming, &c.

And now GOD bleſs our noble KING,
And LORDS, and COMMONS, all ſir—
We'll cheerful pay each coſt, and ſing,
If they'll but ſometimes call, ſir—
To hear coming—coming, &c.

(*Exeunt.*)

'SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Caſtle.*

'*Enter* GENERAL, *with a letter.*

'*Gen.* My brother's hand writing I perceive: (*opens* '*and reads the letter*)

'*I expected to have reached your caſtle by dinner time,* '*but could not prevail on Alderman and Miſs Marrowfat*

to quit Landlord Tunbelly's, without staying to stuff themselves with all the good eatables the house affords. However, we will be with you early in the evening—from your affectionate brother, HENRY WILMORE.

'—Why then Alderman and Miss Marrowfat, stuff on! and if you die of an apoplexy on the road, I'll not even wear an officer's court mourning for you! (*enter* HARRY WILMORE *and* Miss HARLEY.) Well, Nephew!

'*Har.* I am showing, Sir, Miss *Bloomer* the principal apartments of the castle.

'*Gen.* Right, Sir, always behave politely to the ladies, if you intend to be a favorite of mine. I hope, Madam, you are perfectly recovered from your lameness and fright.

'*Miss H.* Thanks, General, to your obliging kindness, I am much better.

'*Gen.* Nephew, I wish presently to speak to you and your sister, in the library, respecting some intelligence contained in this letter.

'*Har.* Good intelligence, I hope, Uncle!

'*Gen.* You shall know speedily. (*going*) Excuse me Miss Bloomer. (*aside*) Gad, I think they would make a good match! (*Exit.*)

Har. Who knows, my Harriet, but my Uncle's letter contains intelligence of my Father's consent to our union!

'*Miss H.* And pray, Sir, is there no other person's consent necessary?

'SONG.

'Ye maids, in whose bosom love holds his dear sway,
'Tis to you I address this plaintive-soft lay;
Henry's passion for me is faithful and warm,
And waits only freedom it's truth to confirm:
My heart tells me this—will you not disapprove,
That to my *Henry*, I whisper—*I love*?

E're fortune had deign'd, from her plentiful store,
In my lap, unexpected, some thousands to pour,
My *Henry* had often his passion profest,
And as oft with my hand implor'd to be blest:
My heart tells me this—will you not disapprove,
That to my dear *Henry*, I whisper—*I love*?

'When my fortune he knew, I heard him oft ſigh,
'And ſaw the big tear ſometimes ſtart from his Eye;
'I aſk'd him the reaſon—he modeſt replied—
'Alas; I'm unworthy ſo wealthy a bride:
'My heart tells me this—now, I'm ſure you'll approve,
'That to my dear *Henry*, I whiſper—*I love*!

(*Exeunt.*)'

SCENE IV.—*A Servants Hall.*

SMART, COACHMAN, FOOTMAN, HOUSEMAID, *and other Servants, diſcovered ſitting at a long table, as after dinner, they riſe and come forward.*

Betty. Well, Mr. Smart, and what other fine things have you to tell us about London?

Smart. (*Aſide*) To be ſure I am not ſhining among theſe country bumpkins! Why, my ſweet Betty *Twirlmop*, if you were in London, you would get ten ſweethearts for one in the country!

Coach. Fudge!

Betty. No, Coachman it is not fudge—for I am ſure and ſartin I ſhould have a great many more ſweethearts in London than in the country.

Smart. More ſweethearts!—by the Lord Harry, if you was to walk out of an evening, you would be *picked-up* by ten at leaſt.

Betty. *Picked-up!*—Why, fellow, what do you take me for!—I'll pull your noſe for your impudence! (*runs towards Smart.*)

Enter MARGERY.

Marg. Hey day!—what rompus is this?

Smart. (*Running the far ſide of Margery*) Pray defend me, moſt venerable lady!

Marg. *Venerable lady!*—What does the fellow mean?

Smart. Then moſt *un*-venerable lady!

Marg. *Un*-venerable!—Why, jackanapes, I'll box your ears!

Betty. Let me box him for you, Ma'am! (*going towards Smart*)

Marg. Be quiet, Betty, let me hear what the fellow has to ſay!

Smart (*Aſide*) O curſe on it, how I am *ſhining* here!—Madam! (*bowing*) permit me to recommend you a faſhionable cap!

Marg. A faſhionable cap!—the fellow is certainly out of his ſenſes!

Smart. No, Madam, I am deſcended from a race of *Men-milliners*, and have *taſte*, therefore, by inheritance; and it is a thouſand pities ſuch comely and beautiful features as you poſſeſs, Ma'am, ſhould not appear to the greateſt advantage!

Betty. Pray, Ma'am, let me come at him!

Marg. (*Bridling up*) Be quiet!—I begin to think, Betty, that you have behaved improperly to the young man.

Smart. (*Aſide*) Hem!—I am now *ſhining* again! (*to Margery*) Indeed, charming Madam, dreſs would become you exceedingly--and it is really cruel in you to bury ſo much beauty under that unworthy cap!

Betty. He is only flattering you, Ma'am!

Marg. Huſſy be quiet!—How dare you abuſe the ſenſible young man!—let him alone—for if I hear any more noiſe, I'll ſend you packing, I will, you huſſy! (*Exit.*)

Smart. Come, Mrs. Betty, I beg your pardon—and to make atonement for what I ſaid amiſs, I'll deſcribe to you the ſuperior merits of a *cockney*-ſwain.

SONG.

No doubt, good folk, and I pledge my word,
Of a *Cockney* you have often heard;
For he's a nice and taſtety lad,
A ſpruce—a ſmart—a flaſhy blade—
Diſtinguiſh'd by his gait and air,
For cock of hat and dreſs of hair—
To all polite—
Morn, noon, and night
Bows like a lord,
And keeps his word
With any *he*—you e'r did ſee—
Now what do you think of a *Cockney*?

In love's ſweet paſſion who will dare
With him to cope—with him compare!
For a *cockney* all the girls admire,
He's ſuch an am'rous ſpark of fire—
That all he does, and all he ſays,
Gets many a fair one's envied praiſe—
He'll ſigh, and leer,
And cry, my dear,
A lover true
I'll prove to you—
As any *he*—you e'er did ſee—
Now, what do you think of a *Cockney!*

In all the freaks of mirth and fun
Pray, when was ever he outdone!
For a *cockney* is a merry grig,
Will lead a dance, or hop a jig
Will box, or fence, or play the wag,
Or drive a coach, or vault a nag—
Will ſing and laugh—
His bottle quaff—
A lad of merit—
And of ſpirit—
As any *he*—you e'er did ſee—
Now, what do you think of a *Cockney!* (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.—*The Caſtle Garden.*

Enter CHARLES *and* CLARINDA.

Charles. Support your ſpirits, my dear Clarinda—by the moſt unexpected ſtroke of good fortune, a clergyman, formerly a brother-collegian of mine, is arrived on a viſit at the caſtle. I have ſhown him the ſpecial licence for our marriage—he has conſented to unite us for ever, and is gone to the Caſtle-chapel, in expectation of our arrival.

Enter SMART.

Smart. Sir, and Madam, Miſs Margery is juſt going to ſhow the other young gentry ſome family monuments in the Chapel, and deſires to have the pleaſure alſo of your company.

Clar. My Aunt's going to the chapel will fruſtrate all your hopes, Charles!

Charles. My good friend, Smart, the moment is now arrived that muſt call forth all thy powers to

ſerve us.---A clergyman, a friend of mine, is now in the chapel, ready to marry us.---Deviſe ſome ſtratagem to prevent Miſs Margery from entering the chapel, and thy fortune is made.

Smart. Don't deſpair, Sir—By a droll occurrence juſt now, I ſtand well in the old Maid's good graces.

Charles. Then fly, dear Smart, with our reſpects, and that we will wait on her immediately. *Exit Smart*)

Char. How critical, Charles, is the preſent moment!

Charles. Support yourſelf, my love! auſpicious chance may yet render us happy!

DUET.

Clarinda....We, like Mates in ſpring of year,
Happy pair'd, dreamt no diſmay,
When a ſudden blaſt ſevere
Cruel drove us far away.

Charles.....Or, as riv'lets plaintive move,
Straying from their genial ſtreams,
O'er rough pebbles murm'ring love,
When no certain union beams.

Both.....Yet, auſpicious chance, 'tis thine,
Oft a forlorn heart to cheer—
Happy ſtars, then, joyous ſhine—
Baniſh ſorrow—baniſh fear! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.—*View of an ancient Chapel—forwards, the Repreſentation of a grand Mauſoleum, on the top the letters* I. S. E. *under them the words,* Jacobus Wilmore.

Enter MARGERY, H. WILMORE, Miſs HARLEY, *and* SMART.

Smart. (*to Margery*) The other gentry, Madam, will immediately wait upon you.

Marg. Very well---O, here they come! (*enter* CHARLES *and* CLARINDA) Well met, good people! —The monuments beſt worth ſeeing are in the inner chapel. Nephew Wilmore, ſtep and ſee if the walls are damp, as I caught cold lately by going there.

Char. I ſhall, Aunt, (*exit into the Chapel*)

Clar. (*Aſide*) O, all ye walls, weep for us!

Smart. (*to Charles*) Don't your Honor recollect the great number of perſons who died, not long ſince at Briſtol, from ſitting in a damp church after ſome repairs?

Marg. How many died, Mr. Smart.

Smart. I think, Madam, I heard Doctor *Deadly* ſay, that he alone loſt from the terrible damp, thirty-three gentlemen, and ninety-nine ladies!

Marg. Heaven defend us! (*re-enter* Harry *from the chapel*) but here comes my Nephew.

Smart. (*Aſide*) Now if the young gentleman does not tell a *plumper*, I ſhall have a vile opinion of his underſtanding.

Marg. Well, Nephew!

Har. As you are ſo ſuſceptible of cold, Aunt, I think the walls of the Chapel much too damp for your going there!

Marg. Then attend Mr. and Miſs Bloomer there for a few minutes----But young people, I recommend you to tie your handkerchiefs round your neck for fear of accidents.

(*Exeunt* Charles, Miſs H. Harry *and* Clarinda, *into the Chapel.*)

Smart. (*As they are going into the chapel*) Yes, young people, for fear of accidents *tie* as *faſt* as poſſible!

Marg. Won't you attend the company, Mr. Smart? (*Smart affects a fit of coughing*) You have a bad cold, I perceive?

Smart. Yes, Madam, and I fear the damp chapel would increaſe it.---I will be content, therefore, to view this grand monument. (*poin ting to the mauſoleum*)

Mar. But the inſcription is in latin, which I ſuppoſe you do not underſtand?

Smart. I know a little latin, from having lived formerly with an apothecary.

Marg. Then, perhaps, you can inform me of the meaning of the inſcription on the mauſoleum.

Smart. I'll try, Madam, (*looks at it and reads*) I. S. E. —ay, theſe letters ſtand for three latin words, and is doctor's latin.

Marg. Doctor's latin—I think, Mr. Smart, I have heard, that I. S. E. means "*Below lies buried.*"

Smart. There, Madam, don't you ſee how right I was—for I'll be bound, before the perſon was dead and buried, that a deal of doctor's latin was ſwallowed. But let us ſee who lies buried below, (*reads*) "Jacobus Wilmore!"

Marg. Yes, he was a great uncle of mine.—But bleſs me!—the young people will ſtay too long in the damp chapel; I muſt go and command them away! (*going—Smart ſteps before her.*)

Smart. Pray, Ma'am don't venture your precious life!

Marg. They ſhall return this moment.—I'll not be anſwerable for their lives, by ſuffering them to remain longer.

Smart. Then, Madam, I beſeech you to let me run for your clogs, before you ſet foot in the damp chapel!

Marg. I never wear clogs.

Smart. (*Aſide*) O curſe on it, what clog ſhall I throw next in her way. (*the company appear*) By Jove, here they come!

Marg, I was juſt coming for you, young gentry, I hope you have been agreeably entertained!

Charles. Delightfully, Ma'am!

Clar. Charmingly, my dear Aunt!

Miſs H. Ecſtaticly, Miſs Wilmore!

Har. Rapturouſly, Aunt Margery!

Smart. O, by the Lord Harry, it is all over!—I ſee it by their happy countenances!

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. (*To Margery*) Your Brother Wilmore, Madam, and company are juſt arrived from London, and are coming to the chapel. (*Exit Footman.*)

Marg. Now, Nephew and Niece, ſee that you receive your Father and his Company properly!—you will ſoon viſit the Chapel on a more agreeable buſineſs.

Smart. (*Aside*) By *Jacobus Wilmore* the business is already done!

Marg. O, here are the company!

Enter GENERAL, Mr. WILMORE, ALDERMAN, *and* Miss MARROWFAT.

(*On their entrance* Charles *and* Miss Harley *turn aside.*)

Wil. Sister Margery, let me introduce to you Alman and Miss Marrowfat! (*they salute.*)

Gen. And let me, Brother, introduce Mr. and Miss *Bloomer* to you. (*as he presents Charles & Miss Harley, Mr. Wilmore starts back with the utmost astonishment.*)

Wil. Heavens defend me!---what do I see!

Marg. What's the matter, Brother Wilmore!

Wil. Zounds! Sister Margery, there stands the *Harleys!*

Marg. Where! Who! What!---You are out of your senses, Brother!—Their name is *Bloomer!*

Wil. I tell you, Margery, their names is HARLEY! the lovers of my son and daughter!

Charles. Yes, Sir, not only the lovers, but the *husband* and *wife* of your son and daughter!

Marg. Married! it cannot be!

Smart. By *Jacobus Wilmore* 'tis true---for your great Uncle, Madam, though dead and buried these forty years, lent the best hand to the business.

Gen. (*Laughs heartily*) The have out-*general'd* us all!--and by the valour of my ancestors I am heartily glad of it.

Wil. For this undutiful act, neither of them shall ever enter my doors!

Gen. But they shall find a HOME, and a warm one HERE, and after my death possess my *fortune*, my *castle*, and, I doubt not, my HONOR!

Wil. Mr. Harley, I would ask you how long it was since that you have been married.

Charles. Not ten minutes, Sir.

Wil. There Alderman! did I not foretel you this! but you would stay at Landlord Tunbelly's to gobble up a whole punch-bowl full of lobster sauce!

Ald. Well—and a good dinner is often better than a wife---eh, Sister Marrowfat!

Miss M. Ay, or a husband either!

Marg. O fie, Miss Marrowfat, to prefer a good dinner to the *food of love!*

Ald. Food of love!---very meagre food, I believe! No, no! my stomach has *my* best affections!

Wil. Say you so, Alderman!--Then you have, in an instant removed a film from my eyes that too long, and too shamefully clouded them!---There children, take my blessing!

Smart, JACOBUS WILMORE for ever!

Gen. As to my blessing, young people, my heart has already given it you---but there is a blessing of much greater importance still necessary to crown your victorious love---and that is (*coming forwards*) the approbation of THESE (*to the Audience*) the BEST JUDGES OF DESERT.

FINALE.

Chorus.....Come, sweet pleasure, cares are over—
Come—with all thy jocund train!
Henceforth may each faithful lover
Ev'ry wish and bliss obtain!

Clarinda....If to day a maid in sorrow
Finds her lover bold to save,
Ladies, should she not, to-morrow,
With her hand reward the brave!
Come sweet pleasure, &c.

Harry & Har. Now no more shall doubts distress us—
Disappointments vex no more;
Love and fortune join to bless us,
Unexhausted be their store!

Full Chorus. Come, sweet pleasure, cares are over—
Come—with all thy jocund train!
Henceforth, may each faithful lover
Ev'ry wish and bliss obtain.

FINIS.

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